

News and Comment
Written by Experts

Big League Stories

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

III.—THE LOOSENING UP OF HOGAN

From "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm
and Other Tales of the Big League"

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PART II.

The first of September was at hand, and Hogan had not drawn a cent from the club, though he had won sixteen games and lost five. According to the terms of the agreement, all of Hogan's living expenses were paid by the club, even when the team was playing at home. His modest hotel bills were forwarded to the management, and Monk often wondered if the pitcher spent anything at all upon amusements or if he had any money to spend. The boy was always well dressed, and his linen was fresh and clean. His wardrobe showed no signs of parsimony.

Lawson had often wondered about this phase of the situation, and the mystery was cleared up one evening when the manager called upon Hogan at his quarters in the hotel while the team was at home. There were two trunks in the room, one of them an immense wardrobe affair, and the bureau was littered with silver backed toilet articles, none of which had ever been seen on tour.

"Lots of class to you, kid," said Monk. "You're not enough silver junk there to start a store."

"I've been thinking of that," said Hogan gravely. "It's some I had when I joined the club. What did you want to see me about?"

"That was always the way when Lawson tried to dig into Hogan's mysterious past. He ran his inquisitive nose into a stone wall."

"Business," said the manager briefly. "You've got four more games to win to get your bonus, and you've got a month and a half to do it. Just to show you that I'm a good fellow, I'll let you work twice against Henderson's bunch this week. They're the softest team in the league for you to beat."

"That sounds good," said Hogan, wondering what was coming next.

"And just as soon as you win your twentieth game," continued the manager, "you'll get the three thousand. After that I'm going to put you on a regular salary. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Fairer than the contract," said Hogan, sitting on the edge of the bed. "And mighty white of you, Monk. I won't forget it."

"Yes," said Lawson. "I was talking with Mr. Hagadorn the other day, and he's tickled with the way you've been going. He thought you ought to have something beside the bonus, so the sooner you get in and grab it the better off you'll be."

"Good again," said Hogan. "But—what's this for, Monk? What's the idea?"

"I might have known I couldn't bull you," said the manager. "Here's the ace in the hole. You see, Hogan, that contract calls for twenty winning games. You remember you wouldn't sign it any other way. According to the agreement, you could run out on us after you've won that money. He looked shrewdly at the pitcher, who made no sign. "Of course," he continued hurriedly, "I told Mr. Hagadorn you wouldn't run out on the club. I told him you'd stick for the end of the season."

"Why, certainly," said Hogan. "If I won the bonus or lost it I'd stick until the season closes."

Monk drew a deep breath, and felt in his coat pocket.

"That's the way to talk," he said. "Now, I've got a next season's contract here I'd like you to look over. It calls for a salary."

At this precise point the conference wound up in a tangle. Hogan would not commit himself. He said he did not know whether he would be able to play ball for another season, but would give his answer after he won the bonus. In vain Monk expanded upon the theme of the glorious future.

Hogan was firm. "I'll tell you about it later," was the best he would say.

Monk went away from the hotel slightly troubled in mind.

"It's the cash stick he's after," thought the manager, "and I'll bet there's a skirt tangled up in it somewhere. But if he says he'll stick for the end of the season he'll keep his word. I'll have him see Mr. Hagadorn."

It was in September that McCarter and Hogan had their clash. McCarter had been spooling for it all season. It came about in a peculiar manner. The team was flying halfway across the country to open a series in St. Louis, and in the smoking compartment McCarter was perusing the Sunday papers. From the sporting pages he drifted to the magazine supple-

ments, in one of which he found a highly entertaining article dealing none too gently with the idle sons of the rich.

"These kid millionaires certainly have one swell time," commented Addison. "Here it says that young Oswald Van Slyck blew half a million in eight months and then had to go to work. Percy Kinkaid gets \$1,000 a month just to stay away from home. Gee; I wish my folks thought that much of me! Listen, fellows, here's a funny one!"

"Not all the money burning youths hail from the Atlantic coast. The west also has its spendthrift sons. Probably the most notable case of prodigal extravagance which California has known of in recent years is that of young Lafayette Durand Chatterton."

"Holy Moses, men! What a name!"

"Young Lafayette Durand Chatterton, son of L. Durand Chatterton, the well known San Francisco millionaire railroad magnate and sugar king. Young Chatterton, out a wide swathe for two seasons after leaving college, where he was famous as an athlete, playing halfback on the Stanford football team and pitching for the college nine."

"Upon leaving Stanford he buried himself into a money spending extravaganza which, it is believed, brought about a rupture between his father and himself. At any rate the young man disappeared several months ago, and it is reported that he is now working in one of his father's best sugar factories for \$2 a day, earning less money in a year than it was his habit to spend in the course of an evening. It is rumored that several young women of the exclusive set are mourning young Chatterton's disappearance."

"Oh, what a rest is all about his love affairs. What a tight old guy that Chatterton must be! All the boy did was to go to school at the big money dough in circulation. I'd like to have a chance to spend a couple of thousand a month!"

"Maybe it wouldn't be as soft as you might think," Hogan, curled up in his usual place by the window, offered this mild suggestion.

"Huh!" sneered McCarter. "Here's Hogan talking about spending money! What do you know about it, you paper collar sport? I'll bet you never spent more than \$3 in one chunk in your whole life. I'll bet you've got every cent you ever made hung up in a sock somewhere. I'll bet!"

"Biff, bang!"

They dragged Hogan out of the smoking room, and they led the Dayton Adonis to the wash basin, where the porter rendered first aid to the injured. Hogan had slapped McCarter's face, slapped it hard, and then as McCarter leaped to his feet and put up his hands Hogan had knocked him flat with a right swing to the nose—a very unhandy place to hit a handsome man like McCarter.

"I'm sorry," said Hogan to his bodyguard, "but it was coming to him. You can think anything you like about me, you fellows, but the first one who opens his jaw to me is going to get it cracked. That's all!"

After that Hogan's life with the team was a misery to him.

Soon afterward Hogan won his twentieth game and was promptly presented with a bank draft for \$3,000. His first act was to hunt up a bank, where he opened an account under a name which did not sound in the least like Hogan. This was arranged after a five minute interview with the president of the bank, who remained in a brown study for half an hour after his visitor had departed.

Under the new name Hogan had issued to himself and payable to his order a certified check for \$2,500, which he carried away with him. That night he spent two hours in composing a letter, destroying several copies before he produced one to his liking. As it was short we introduce it here as Exhibit A for the defense, the Ponies versus Hogan. Charge, parsimony.

My Dear Father—I told you that you would not hear from me until I had made good. Inclosed you will find a certified check to my order for \$2,500. Every cent of this money I have earned with my own hands—earned honestly. You said something about sweating for my foolishness. I assure you I have sweated for every dollar of this money.

I have been pitching baseball for the team in the National league. If you will look up the scores in the files of the papers out there you will see that a fellow named Hogan has been winning a lot of games for the Ponies. That's me. You didn't say how this money was to be earned. You simply said I had to earn and save this much, and I picked the quickest way as well as the best paying proposition. You would have done the same thing yourself. As for saving money and being economical—you won't believe this, but it's true—I had to pinch a fellow the other day for calling me a tightwad. He told the truth at that.

In addition to this, I want to say that I have been doing a lot of thinking the past

TRIANGLES WIN SNAPPY INDOOR BALL CONTEST

	P	W	L	Pct.
Healanis	5	4	1	.800
Triangles	5	2	3	.400
P. B. C.	4	1	3	.250

Last night's indoor baseball game at the Y. M. C. A. resulted in a victory for the Triangles over the P. B. C. team by the score of 15 to 13. A stiff battling rally in the fifth and sixth innings resulted in twelve runs for the Triangles, every one scored after two men were retired. This gave them the game by a narrow margin.

Heavy hitting by the Triangles with Capt. Sulina and Rawlins in the lead and snappy fielding by the P. B. C. characterized the game. Games catch of a twisting foul and Phillips double plays unassisted were features. The P. B. C. had a chance to start something in the ninth inning when O. P. Soares led off with a single and stole. He was caught at the plate trying to score on Ferreira's infield out, however, and when Gomes fanned the game was over.

Next Tuesday evening, the Healanis and P. B. C. will play their deciding game, each team having a victory to its credit. On Tuesday, June 9, the Triangles and P. B. C. will play a game that will decide which team finishes second in the league race.

TRIANGLES.		ABR	BH	PO	A	E
Gunn, 1b	7	3	3	0	0	1
Gilliland, 1b	7	1	2	1	1	1
Rasmussen, 2b	6	1	2	1	0	1
Sulina, p	6	5	4	0	5	0
Enos, c	6	2	3	1	2	1
Metzke, ss	6	1	2	1	1	1
Rawlins, 3b	5	2	4	0	3	0
Totals	43	15	20	15	15	4

P. B. C.		ABR	BH	PO	A	E
Gomes, p-c	5	1	0	5	4	1
Melin, 3b	5	1	0	0	1	0
Phillips, 2b	3	2	0	4	1	1
Santos, 1b	5	2	1	1	1	1
Frank, ss	5	2	2	0	3	0
E. Soares, rf	5	1	3	0	1	1
Rodrigues, lf	4	2	3	0	0	0
O. P. Soares, cf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Ferreira, c-p	4	2	1	1	1	1
Totals	40	13	11	24	12	4

Hits and runs by innings:		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
P. B. C.	0	2	0	0	4	1	1	0	13	13
B. H.	0	2	0	2	2	0	1	1	11	11
Triangles	0	0	1	0	6	6	1	1	15	15
B. H.	0	1	1	1	7	6	2	0	20	20

Summary:
Innings pitched, Gomes 5-2-3, Ferreira 2-1-3. Two base-hits, Rawlins, Sulina, Rodrigues 2. Double plays, Phillips, unassisted, Sulina-Gilliland-Metzke-Enos. Bases on balls, off Sulina 4, off Gomes 2, off Ferreira 1. Struck out, by Sulina 15, by Gomes 5, by Ferreira 2. Umpires, Dwight and J. Nott. Time of game, 1:25. Score, Larimer.

M'KINLEY AND PUNAHOU TIED FOR FIRST PLACE

In a one-sided game, the McKinley High School reserves defeated the Punahou second team yesterday afternoon on the Makiki field. Brash pitched.



It is a deplorable remedy for nervous debility, impotency, sleeplessness, despondency, weak memory, wasting of parts, lost vigor and any form of neurasthenia. Our preparation now called.

The name of our preparation Persian Nerve Essence is changed to Sensapensa. The ingredients the quality the oriental properties of this wonderfully successful nerve tablet remain absolutely the same.

It is a deplorable remedy for nervous debility, impotency, sleeplessness, despondency, weak memory, wasting of parts, lost vigor and any form of neurasthenia. Our preparation now called.

When five days later the Ponies arrived in Chicago the clerk handed Hogan a whole fistful of telegrams, and he carried them to his room at once. Perhaps he choked a bit as he read them. It would have been no disgrace if he had.

That week Monk Lawson got his answer.

"No more baseball after this season," said Hogan. "It is out of the question."

Monk argued for three days and then gave up in despair.

The Ponies finished the league schedule at home, and Hogan pitched and won the last game.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

MYRTLES' NEW RACING CRAFT WILL BE NAMED WITH ALL CEREMONY

There will be an interesting little ceremony staged on the premises of the Myrtle Club next Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. The Myrtles have just received from C. D. Walker, the local boat-builder, their new six-oared racing barge, and it is the club's intention to christen her, in conjunction with the recently altered pair-oared boat, next Sunday morning.

The naming of the barge is in the hands of Mr. Charles A. Brown, one of the oldest honorary members of this club. Mr. Brown has named the barge for Mrs. Brown, and the Red's latest acquisition will, after Sunday morning next, be known as the "Gertrude L."

The privilege of naming the pair-oared boat has been accorded to Col. Sam Johnson, who was a well-known figure in local rowing circles a few years ago and doubtfully yielded the spruce on many occasions for the Red and White.

Col. Johnson has chosen Mrs. Johnson's maiden name for this boat, and Miss Nell Conant, acting en colo and Mrs. Johnson's behalf, will place the club's pennant at the bow of the pair-oar and name her the "Pearl C."

Arrangements have been made for the accommodation of the families of members and their friends on the lagoon.

Prior to the launching ceremonies, a special meeting of the club will be held at 10 o'clock, when the directors will ask for an appropriation to meet the expense of erecting sixty-five new lockers.

It is anticipated that there will be a big turnout of Myrtle members and their supporters.

ed a strong game for the winners and allowed ten hits and five runs while the high school men netted a total of 19 hits and 15 runs.

The playing of the losing team was very poor and a large number of runs were let in through bad plays and errors. The infield was playing a ragged game and to back them up the outfielders allowed a number of flies to get past and through them.

With Brash in the box the McKinley bunch found the Puns fairly easy and by hanging on to everything that came their way the infielders were able to stop much scoring. In the outfield there were some good catches, a couple of which saved long hits and possible scoring.

The high school now stands tied with the academy for first place in the second league, with four games played and only one lost.

The line-ups were: Punahou—Austin, Wadsworth, C. Malone and Lung, B. Hind, B. Woods, B. Moot-Smith, S. Rap and Lamson, K. O'Dowda, C. Brown, M. McKinley, Brash, P. Rosehill, W. Rosehill, B. Ting, B. Tsune, B. Cordiera, K. Ornelas, R. Aming, C. Kong, R.

McK.—Hits 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Runs 0 0 3 4 2 1 0 0 4—15
Pun.—Hits 2 1 2 0 0 4 1 0—10
Runs 0 0 1 0 0 3 1 0—5

Between the showing made by the Athletics and the Detroit Tigers it is probable the American League is undergoing the severest shock it has sustained in several years. The Athletics, of course, were counted on to jump into an early and commanding lead.

If they did not there were few who believed the club to turn the trick would be the Tigers.

Detroit was not even regarded as a dark horse. The club looked stronger than it did last year and there was reason to believe there was latent power in its personnel that might be brought to the fore without much warning.

But it was not thought "Hughes" Jennings and his tribe of "Indians" would supplant Chicago, once the White Sox began to hesitate and totter.

There is but one thing Jennings has to worry about—his pitchers. If they continue to twirl the same fine ball they have been the Tigers look as sweet as any team that Detroit has supported since 1909, when it won the American League pennant for the third successive time.

Ability to break records in stadium building appears to be one of the necessary requisites on the part of successful construction concerns these days. Federal league baseball clubs and college athletic associations all demand speedy completion of stadiums when contracts are let. The case of the Princeton and Yale stadiums now in course of construction are examples in point.

Princeton authorities are using every effort to secure the completion of the Palmer memorial stadium in time for the game with Yale, which is set for Saturday, November 14.

The same situation prevails at New Haven where the Yale committee, in working the contracting force from daylight to dark in order that the Yale bowl may be finished in time to accommodate the 50,000 thousand spectators who are expected to gather for the Harvard-Yale game on Saturday, November 2. Those in charge of the work hope, however, to have the sunken amphitheater ready by the middle of November as will be seen from the following statement issued on the subject.

"It is estimated that the embankment will be up and complete in about 30 days from May 1. The question of providing for the spectators at the Harvard game next fall is still a matter of some perplexity, but we expect to be all ready for the game."

Even when a girl loves a man for his money and is too modest to mention it.

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ALL CHEMISTS

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RECORD SCORE OF SEASON; 35 RUNS TO SHUT-OUT.

SB, 35; GD, 0.
"Johnny" Fassoth's fast eighth grade aggregation found the 6th D baseball team easy picking yesterday afternoon on the lower Punchbowl field, winning by the marvelous score of 35-0. The youngsters of the 6th D team put up a game fight but the upper-class men knocked their pitchers all over the lot and scored whenever they wished.

Fassoth was right there when it came to batting, and he netted his team ten or more runs through his long hits, two of which were home runs. Peter-son and Makinney also made home runs.

HIT OR MISS IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

ALTHOUGH the Yankees have been playing better baseball, than they have played in several years, there is something about their style that appears to have been overlooked by a great many of the critics, says the New York Telegram. Frank Chance has found it possible to install the old working system used so successfully by the Cubs for the first time since he has taken charge of the New York American League Club.

It may be recalled by many of those who were accustomed to watch that perfect baseball machine, the Cubs, in action, that they played the most daring game of any of the clubs of their time; there have been few clubs since that have attempted the almost reckless style they employed. At the time a great many exponents of the so-called "inside baseball" and as the Cubs was the most complete ever evolved. It was so complete, they said, it was intricate with the secret on the "trick."

Such is not the case. The Yankees are using almost the same system of play, and yet they probably use fewer signals than any ball club in the business.

The secret of the whole thing lies in the fact that Chance realizes he has a club of speedy players, and he lets them run loose on the bases. Of course, there is some conjunction between the base runners and the batters, but for the most part base runners are not hobbled by signals.

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GOLF GOSSIP

The cable carries the bare fact that all the American golfers have been eliminated from the British amateur championship, and this is indeed dreary news for those who have followed the fortunes of the ten invading players. With Jerome Travers, national amateur champion, Francis Outinet, American open champion, and a half dozen more top-notch players from this side of the water striving for honors, it seems too bad that not one lasted to the finals, to make it an international affair. However, even the great Hilton was an early victim, so the tournament must have been full of surprises.

Win or lose it is a great experience to play in competition on a real championship course abroad, and probably the Americans consider their trip well worth while. Aside from its golfing features the course at Sandwich is of great historical interest, and with the venue of this year's amateur championship a familiar word to all golfers, the following historical sketch from the pen of an eastern writer is timely:

City is of Medieval Order.

In this new world of ours we have not many places with the narrow winding streets and old-time air, yet in Boston, Annapolis, New Orleans and Quebec we get some hint of the quaintness of the cities abroad. But even to one who has in a measure been thus prepared there is something of medievalism and ancient history that is a revelation to the visitor in the old world. Colchester too on the same coast is full of fascination and like Sandwich has wondrous old ruins, bits of the Roman wall, remains of Norman herring-bones, reign in brick walls, using the original Roman tiles. Both have strangely winding streets, and many examples of Tudor architecture in the queer gables, gilded arches, wonderful ponderous oaken doors adorned with curious knockers. Beautiful specimens they have also of the elaborate wood-carving that people in the olden days took a delight in lavishing on their interior decoration. In some ways, though none of us wish to return to them, they were really "the good old days," when even the dwellings of the simple countrymen held what are now regarded as treasures by the lover of the graceful curves and and massive beauty of the old furniture.

But from these personal recollections let us turn to some of the historical facts of the place. Some 1500 years ago Rutupel (Richborough) was an important military post. Here Lucianus landed on his expedition against the Picts and Scots, and if you want to read a fascinating tale of those times turn to Kipling's story of "A Centurion of the Thirtieth" and on the great will in "Puck of Pook's Hill."

For Theodosius too came to Rutupel when the raids made by the Saxons rendered some organized measures necessary to put an end to their piracy. But nature intervened and rendered Richborough useless as a naval and military base by blocking up the channel by the eastward drift of sand and shingle little by little as the years slipped by. Some other port became necessary and thus Sandwich came into prominence, though no authentic record of its establishment as a town is available, and until the year 664 much of its history is merely tradition, but it is clearly on record that on that date Wilfred, Bishop of Northumberland, "landed happily and pleasantly in the Haven" when returning from France. For about two centuries nothing of particular importance seems to have happened to the old town, then it was suddenly plunged into a period when war, disaster, peace, prosperity, battle and plundering followed one another in kaleidoscope succession. About 826 Athelstan, king of Kent, completely routed a strong force of Danish invaders, capturing nine ships, but terrible was the revenge taken for this victory when the Danes came with 350 vessels and sacked and plundered Canterbury, Sandwich and all that part of Kent. In 992 and again in 1007 we find the Vikings swooping down and laying waste this section of England, and here it was that under Canute a large army of them landed, and meeting for the first time with any success in Britain, settled down there to become eventually an important element in the formation of the great nation that was to be.

Enjoys Peace for Thirty Years.

Then peace came to Sandwich, a time, and port, tolls and ferry taxes, fisheries and other industries added to its wealth and fame so much so that in 1046, 20 years after the wise and brave Canute had banded there, a fleet of 35 galleys swept up the harbor, attacked and plundered the town, and sailed away again in the old Viking way.

And that I think is enough history for one day, or you will wonder whether after all this is a golf column or not. Why after its broad picture as one of the most important towns in the south of England it sank into obscurity, wrapped in memories of stirring days, till it became again a battleground where peaceful struggles for golfing glories were ended, and many a visitor, thinking only of finding splendid opportunities for testing his game, stumbled as well on a perfect treasure trove of ancient romance and deeds of daring-do.

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